

H Y M N S

O F

PETITION AND THANKSGIVING,

FOR THE

P R O M I S E

OF THE

F A T H E R.

~~~~~  
By the late Reverend  
*MR. JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed at the Conference-Office, North-Green, Finsbury-Square:  
G. STORY, Agent. Sold by G. WHITFIELD, New-Chapel,  
City-Road, and at the Methodist Preaching-Houses in  
Town and Country. 1801.

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PRICE FOUR-PENCE.

H. J. W. A. 2

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HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

HYMN I. [6: 8's.

- 1 **F**ATHER of everlasting grace,
 Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
 Thy goodness and thy truth we prove:
 Thou hast in honour of thy Son,
 The gift unspeakable sent down,
 The Spirit of life, and power, and love:
- 2 Thou hast the prophecy fulfill'd,
 The grand original compact seal'd,
 For which thy word and oath were join'd :
 The Promise to our fallen head
 To every child of Adam made,
 Is now pour'd out on all mankind.
- 3 The purchas'd Comforter is given,
 For Jesus is return'd to heaven,
 To claim, and then the grace to' impart:
 Our Day of Pentecost is come,
 And God vouchsafes to fix his home
 In every poor, expecting heart.
- 4 Father, on thee whoever call,
 Confess thy promise is for all,
 While every one that asks receives,
 Receives the Gift and Giver too,
 And witnesses that thou art true,
 And in thy Spirit walks and lives.
- 5 Not to a single age confin'd,
 For every soul of man design'd,
 O God, we now that Spirit claim:

4 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

To us the Holy Ghost impart,
Breathe him into our panting heart,
Thou hear'st us ask in Jesu's Name.

6 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine ;
Send him the sprinkled blood to' apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And shew, and seal us ever thine.

7 So shall we pray, and never cease,
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love :
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless, and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee like thy hosts above.

8 Till added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain,
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing with all our friends in light
Thine everlasting Love to man.

HYMN II.

1 JESUS, Lord, in pity hear us,
O return, while we mourn,
By thy Spirit cheer us,
Swallow'd up in sin and sadness,
O relieve Us that grieve,
Turn our grief to gladness.

2 Send the Comforter to raise us,
Let us see—God in thee
Merciful and gracious.
Him the purchase of thy passion
O impart, Cleanse our heart
By his inspiration.

- 3 By the earnest of thy Spirit
 Let us know Heaven below,
 Heaven above inherit.
 Perfect when we walk before thee,
 Fill'd with love,—Then remove
 To our thrones of glory.

H Y M N III. 2: 6's. & 4: 7's.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, come
 Into thy meanest home,
 From thy high and holy place
 Where thou dost in glory reign,
 Stoop in condescending grace,
 Stoop to the poor heart of man.
- 2 For thee our hearts we list,
 And wait the' heavenly gift:
 Giver, Lord of life divine,
 To our dying souls appear,
 Grant the grace for which we pine,
 Give thyself, the Comforter.
- 3 No gift or comfort we
 Would have distinct from thee,
 Spirit, principle of grace,
 Sum of our desires thou art,
 Fill us with thy holiness,
 Breathe thyself into our hearts.
- 4 Our ruin'd souls repair,
 And fix thy mansion there:
 Claim us for thy constant shrine,
 All thy glorious self reveal,
 Life, and power, and love divine,
 God in us for ever dwell.

H Y M N IV. [4: 6's. & 2: 8's.

- 1 **S**INNERS, lift up your hearts,
 The Promise to receive!
 Jesus himself imparts,
 He comes in man to live:

6 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n ;
Rejoice in God, sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorify'd,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here :
The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
Rejoice in God, sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,
Peace, righteousness, and joy :
The Holy Ghost to man is given,
Rejoice in God, sent down from heaven.

4 The cleansing blood to' apply,
The heavenly life display,
And wholly sanctify,
And seal us to that day :
The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
Rejoice in God, sent down from heaven.

5 Sent down to make us meet
To see his glorious face,
And grant us each a seat
In that thrice happy place :
The Holy Ghost to man is given ;
Rejoice in God, sent down from heaven.

6 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end,
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

HYMN V. [C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, admit our lawful claim,
Let us that ask, receive ;
To us that ask in Jesu's Name
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.
- 2 Jesus hath spoke the faithful word :
On them that ask him here,
Thou shalt, in honour of our Lord,
The Holy Ghost confer.
- 3 If evil we, by nature know
To give our children food,
Much more thou wilt on us bestow
The soul-sustaining Good.
- 4 Our holy, heavenly Father, thou
Regard'st thy children's prayer :
Answer, and send, O send us now
The promi'sd Comforter.
- 5 We seek, thou knowest we seek thy face ;
Let us the blessing find :
Open the door of faith and grace
To us, and all mankind.
- 6 Surely thou wilt, we dare believe,
For Jesu's sake alone,
Thou wilt to us the Spirit give,
Give all good gifts in one.

HYMN VI. [S. M.

John vii. 37, 38, 39.

- 1 **H**EAR, all, the Saviour's cry,
On this great feastal day,
"The man that would on me rely,
That would be happy, may ;
If any of mankind
Is now athirst for God,
Now let him come to me, and find
And drink the living flood.

8 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

2 "He that believes on me,
The word of truth shall feel,
The wilderness a pool shall be,
The heath a springing well:
Forth from that faithful soul
Rivers of life shall flow,
And streams of grace eternal roll
O'er all the earth below."

3 Lord, we with joy embrace,
(What all may find fulfill'd,)
The promise made to all our race,
And to believers seal'd:
Who in thy merit trust,
Thy Spirit shall receive,
And temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with God they live.

4 The Spirit of their God,
Doth in the saints abide,
He is, he is, by thee bestow'd,
For thou art glorify'd;
Thy blood's unceasing prayer,
And strong prevailing plea,
Hath now obtain'd the Comforter
For all mankind, and me.

5 Lord, I believe the sure
Irrevocable word,
And come to thee distressed and poor,
To thee my faithful Lord;
I come athirst and faint
Thy Spirit to receive,
Give me the gift for which I pant,
Thyself, the giver, give.

6 In this accepted hour
The promis'd Gift impart,
Open a spring of life and power
Eternal in my heart;

To all the world below
 So shall my bowels move,
 So shall my heart, like thine, o'erflow
 With everlasting love.

HYMN VII. [6: 8's.

John xiv. 16.

- 1 JESU, we hang upon the word
 Our faithful souls have heard from thee,
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
 Thy promise made to all, and me,
 Thy followers' who thy steps pursue,
 And dare believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou said'st, " I will the Father pray,
 And he the Paraclete * shall give,
 Shall give him, in your hearts to stay,
 And never more his temple leave ;
 Myself will to my orphans come,
 And make you my eternal home."
- 3 Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
 And let the promise now take place ;
 Be it according to thy will,
 According to thy word of grace ;
 Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
 And send us down the Comforter.
- 4 He visits now the troubled breast,
 And oft relieves our sad complaint,
 But soon we lose the transient guest,
 But soon we droop again, and faint,
 Repeat the melancholy moan,
 Our joy is fled, our comfort gone !
- 5 Hasten him, Lord, into our heart,
 Our sure inseparable guide :
 O might we meet, and never part ;
 O might he in our hearts abide,

* i. e. Pleader, Advocate, or Comforter.

And

And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest, and reign for ever there.

HYMN VIII. [L. M.]

JOHN xiv. 16.

- 1 JESUS, thy word we dare believe!
To us the Father in thy name
Another Paraclete shall give
Another, yet with thee the same.
- 2 The Father shall thy Spirit send,
Send him, no more to take away;
Send him to guide us to the end,
And always in his temple stay.
- 3 The Comforter shall surely come,
And all the heirs of glory seal,
And God in us shall fix his home,
And in his church for ever dwell.
- 4 He now doth in his saints reside,
The promis'd Paraclete is given,
The Saviour's word is verify'd,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 5 We for thy fleshly presence here
The presence of thy Spirit receive,
That everlasting Comforter
Doth still in all his people live:
- 6 The Promise of our God and Lord
In vain doth Antichrist deny,
And scoff the everlasting word,
And give the Truth himself the lie.
- 7 In vain the world as madness brands
Our gospel-hope which cannot fail,
The Promise of the Father stands,
And mocks the rage of earth and hell.

- 8 The' apostates toil with fruitless pain
The word of none effect to prove,
To' exclude thee from the heart of man,
And drive thee to thy saints above.
- 9 "The Spirit himself thou wilt not give,"
Thy truth and mercy they blaspheme,
Without his inspiration live,
And call it all a madman's dream.
- 10 The grace, but not the Spirit of Grace,
These learned fools vouchsafe to' allow,
He might be given in ancient days,
But God, they teach, is needless now.
- 11 But God, we know, is given indeed,
And still doth in his people dwell,
And him we every moment need,
And him may every moment feel.
- 12 The life of our indwelling God
We feel by faith's internal sense,
Our heart he makes his blest abode,
And who shall force the Saviour thence?
- 13 Believing still in Jesu's Name
The witness in ourselves we know,
And tell the world they all may claim
The gift, and dwell with God below.
- 14 The Holy Ghost, whom we partake,
'To all that ask is freely given;
And lo! on this great truth we stake
Our present and eternal heaven.

HYMN IX. [6: 7's.]

JOHN xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 FATHER, glorify thy Son,
Answer his prevailing prayer,
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom, believingly, we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesu's Name.

12 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

- 2 Him the world can not receive,
Him they neither see nor know,
Blind in unbelief they live :
All his inward work below,
All his inspiration deem
Foolish as a madman's dream.
- 3 But we know, by faith, and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace ;
With us he vouchsafes to dwell,
With us, when unseen, he stays :
All our help, and good we own
Freely flow from him alone.
- 4 Yet, alas, we cannot rest
Help'd, with an external guide,
Till the transitory guest
Enter, and in us abide ;
Give him, Lord, thy Spirit give,
In us constantly to live.
- 5 Wilt thou not the Promise seal,
True and gracious as thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart ?
Yes, thou must the grace bestow
Jesus said, It shall be so !

HYMN X. [S. M.


JOHN xiv. 18, 19, 20, 21.

- 1 SAVIOUR, and Prince of Peace,
S. Thy saying we receive ;
Thou wilt not leave us comfortless,
Thine own thou wilt not leave ;
Poor helpless orphans, we
Awhile thine absence mourn,
But we thy face again shall see,
But thou wilt soon return.

- 2 No longer visible
 To eyes of flesh and blood,
 Come, Lord, to us thyself reveal,
 O come and shew us God :
 Because thou liv'st above
 Let us thy Spirit know,
 And in the glorious knowledge prove
 Eternal life below.
- 3 Hasten the day, when we
 Shall surely know and feel
 Thou art in God, and God in thee,
 And thou in us dost dwell.
 To us, who keep thy word
 Thou with thy Father come,
 And love, and make us, gracious Lord,
 Thine everlasting home.

HYMN XI. 4: 6's. & 2: 8's.

JOHN xiv. 21, 22, 23.

- 1  Happy state of grace,
 In which by faith we stand :
 Who Jesu's words obey.
 And keep his kind command,
 Communion closer still shall know,
 And dwell with God in him below.
- 2 The man whose heart approves,
 The precepts of his Lord,
 The path of duty loves,
 And practises the word,
 To Jesus and his Father dear,
 Shall entertain the Godhead here.
- 3 Not to those earliest days
 The Promise was confin'd ;
 The Spirit of his grace
 Extends to all mankind ;
 And all who love the Lord, receive
 The Lord within their hearts to live.

14 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

4 O Son of God, to thee
We make our bold appeal;
Would'st thou the Deity
To all the world reveal?
Thou, Lord, the faithful Witness art;
Return the answer in our heart.

5 Come quickly from above,
And bring the Father down,
Infuse the perfect love,
Make all the Godhead known;
Come, Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And seal us thine eternal home.

HYMN XII. [L. M.

John xiv. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 JESUS, we on the words depend
Spoken by thee while present here,
“ The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.”
- 2 That Promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, even us fulfil,
And give the Spirit of thy Grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.
- 3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.
- 4 He only can the words apply,
Thro' which we endless life possess,
And deal to each his legacy,
Our Lord's unutterable peace.
- 5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O might he now in us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.

- 6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
 The height and depth of Deity,
 And all the sons of glory seal,
 And change, and make us all like thee !

HYMN XIII. [All 7's.

John xvi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Lord, who at thy death,
 Peace didst to thy church bequeath,
 Now confer the peace on me,
 Bring me now my legacy.
 Grant me, (not as mortals give,
 Hoping better to receive,)
 That for which I sigh and mourn,
 Give, and look for no return.
- 2 Grant me, for thy mercy's sake,
 Me, who no return can make,
 That which I can never buy,
 Save, and freely justify.
 Grant me, (not as childish men
 Grant, and ask their gifts again,)
 Peace, which none can take away,
 Peace which shall for ever stay.
- 3 Now the benefit impart,
 Speak it to my troubled heart,
 Comfort, and thyself restore,
 Come, and bid me sin no more.
 Come, and wipe away my tears,
 Come, and scatter all my fears,
 Come, and take me to thy breast,
 Lull me to eternal rest.

HYMN XIV. [7's. & 6's.

John xv. 26, 27.

- 1 JESUS, our exalted Head,
 Regard thy people's prayer,
 Send us in thy body's stead
 The' abiding Comforter ;

16 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

From thy dazzling throne above,
From thy Father's glorious seat,
Send the Spirit of Truth and Love,
'The' eternal Paraclete.

2 Issuing forth from him and thee,
O let the blessing flow,
Pour the streaming Deity
On all thy Church below ;
Him to testify thy grace,
Him to teach how good thou art,
Him to vouch thy Godhead, place
In every faithful heart.

3 'God of God, and light of light,
Thee, let him now reveal,
Justify us by thy right,
Our peace and pardon seal ;
Fill our souls with joy and peace,
Wisdom, grace, and utterance give,
Constitute thy witnesses,
And in thy members live.

4 By the Holy Ghost, we wait
To say thou art the Lord,
Sav'd, and to our first estate
In perfect love restor'd.
Then we shall in every breath
Testify the power we prove,
Publish thee in life and death,
The God of Truth and Love.

HYMN XV. [8's. & 7's.

John xvi. 6, 7.

1 SON of God, for thee we languish,
Still thy absence we bemoan,
Overwhelm'd with grief and anguish,
Poor, forsaken, and alone ;

Thou

Thou art to thy heaven departed ;
 See us thence, with pity see,
 Comfortless and broken-hearted,
 Drooping, dead, for want of thee.

- 2 Once thy blissful love we tasted,
 Cheer'd by thee with living bread;
 O how short a time it lasted,
 O how soon the joy is fled !
 Where is now our boasted Saviour !
 Where our rapture of delight ?
 Thou hast, Lord, withdrawn thy favour,
 Thou art vanish'd from our sight.


- 3 Yet thou hast the cause unfolded,
 Could we but the truth receive,
 Thou in humbling love hast told it,
 Needful 'tis for us to grieve:
 Stript of that excessive pleasure,
 Fondly we the loss deplore,
 Till we find again our Treasure,
 Find and never lose Thee more.

- 4 That we may thyself inherit,
 Us thou dost awhile forsake,
 That we may receive thy Spirit,
 Thou hast took his comforts back ;
 After a short night of mourning
 We again shall see thy face,
 Triumph in thy full returning
 Glory in thy perfect Grace.

- 5 For thy transient outward presence,
 We thine endless love shall feel,
 Seated in our inmost essence,
 Thou shalt by thy Spirit dwell :
 Jesus come ! Thyself the Giver
 Let us now the gift receive,
 Let us live in God for ever,
 God in us for ever live !

HYMN XVI. [2: 6's. & 4: 7's.

John xvi. 7.

1  Thou, who by thy blood
 Hast brought a world to God,
 Thou, who to thy Father gone,
 Dost in our behalf appear,
 Hear thy desolate servants groan,
 Send us down the Comforter.

2 Hast thou not purg'd our stain,
 And gone to God again ?
 None of Adam's helpless race,
 Could that blessed Spirit find ;
 But thou hast obtain'd the grace,
 Purchas'd him for all mankind.

3 Didst thou not plead above
 For us thy dying love,
 Never could we hope thine aid,
 Never for thy Spirit call :
 But thou hast the Father pray'd,
 Hast receiv'd the Gift for all.

4 “ And if I go away,
 (By faith we hear thee say,)
 I the Comforter will send,
 Comforter of you that grieve,
 All your goings to attend,
 Ever in your hearts to live.”

5 Amen, our hearts reply,
 Uplifted to the sky !
 Pant to be thy blest abode,
 Swell'd to be possess'd by thee !
 Fill'd with the in-dwelling God,
 Fill'd to all eternity.

HYMN XVII. [6: 8's.

JOHN xvi. 18.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Paraclete, descend,
 Thou Gift and Promise of our Lord,
 To every soul, till time shall end,
 Thy succour, and thyself afford,
 Convince, convert us, and inspire;
 Come, and baptize the world with fire.
- 2 Come, and display thy power below,
 And work thy three-fold work of grace;
 Compel mankind themselves to know,
 Convince of sin the' apostate race,
 Brood o'er the sin of nature's night,
 And speak again, Let there be light.
- 3 Thou only know'st the fallen man,
 Thou only canst his fall reveal,
 The monster to himself explain,
 And make his darkness visible,
 Pierce all the folds of hellish art,
 And rend the covering from his heart.
- 4 Come then, thou soul-dividing sword,
 Thou dost from Jesu's mouth proceed,
 The foes and haters of their Lord,
 Find out, o'erturn, and strike them dead,
 Destroy the sin that keeps them blind,
 And slay the pride of all mankind.
- 5 Spirit of Truth, in all begin,
 That work of thine awakening power,
 Convince the christian world of sin,
 Who satan, and not Christ, adore;
 Who Jesus slight, reject, disclaim,
 And never knew his saving Name.

20 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

- 6 Shew them,—they never yet receiv'd
 In truth, whom they in words profess,
 They never yet in Christ believ'd,
 Or own'd the Lord their Righteousness ;
 Still in the damning sin they lie,
 As pleas'd in unbelief to die.
- 7 People and priest are doubly dead,
 Are aliens from the life divine,
 Gross darkness o'er the earth is spread,
 Till thou into the conscience shine :
 The powerful quick conviction dart,
 And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 8 O would'st thou now in all reveal
 The righteous wrath of hostile heaven,
 Because the blood they will not feel,
 The blood that shews their sins forgiven ;
 They will not him, their Lord, receive,
 They will not come to Christ and live.

HYMN XVIII. [6: 8's.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake!
 The terrors of the Lord display,
 Out of their sins the nations shake,
 Tear their vain confidence away,
 Conclude them all in unbelief,
 And fill their hearts with sacred grief.
- 2 Impart the salutary pain,
 The sudden soul-condemning power,
 Blow on the godliness of man,
 Wither the grass, and blast the flower,
 That, when their works are all o'erthrown,
 The word of grace may stand alone.
- 3 Trouble the souls who know not God,
 Their careless, Christless spirits wound,
 O'erwhelm

O'erwhelm with their own sinful load,
 And all their virtuous pride confound,
 Their depth of wickedness reveal,
 And shake them o'er the mouth of hell.

- 4 Naked, and destitute, and blind,
 Themselves let the poor wretches see,
 Their total fall lament to find ;
 Till every mouth is stopt by thee,
 And all the world with conscious fear
 Guilty before their God appear.

- 5 Guilty, because they know not him
 Who liv'd and died their souls to save,
 Who came his people to redeem ;
 No part or lot in Christ they have,
 Till thou the painful veil remove,
 And shew their hearts his dying love.

HYMN XIX. [6: 8's.

John xvi. 10.

- 1 COME then to those who want thine aid,
 Who now beneath their burden groan,
 Bind up the wound thyself hast made,
 The righteousness of faith make known,
 (Offer'd to all of Adam's line,)
 The perfect righteousness divine.
- 2 Convince the souls, who feel their sin,
 There is, there is a ransom found,
 A better righteousness brought in,
 And grace doth more than sin abound,
 Pardon to all is freely given,
 For Jesus is return'd to heaven.
- 3 He died to purge our guilty stain,
 He rose the world to justify,

And

22 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

And while the heavens our Lord contain,
No longer seen by mortal eye,
He reigns our Advocate above,
And pleads for all his bleeding love.

4 His bleeding love 'tis thine to seal
With pardon on the contrite heart :
To us, to us the grace reveal,
The righteousness impute, impart ;
Discharge thy second function here,
And now descend the Comforter.

5 The righteousness of Christ our Lord
For pardon of our sins declare,
Inspeak the Everlasting Word,
That freely justified we are,
By grace receiv'd and brought to God,
And sav'd thro' faith in Jesu's blood.

HYMN XX. [6: 8's.]

1 SPIRIT of faith, on thee we call,
The merits of our Lord apply,
Convince, and then convert us all,
Condemn, and freely justify,
Set forth the all-atoning Lamb,
And spread the powers of Jesu's Name.

2 Jesus, the merciful and just,
To every heart of man reveal,
In him enable us to trust,
Forgiveness thro' his blood to feel ;
Let all in him redemption find ;
Sprinkle the blood on all mankind.

3 Is he not to his Father gone,
That we his righteousness might share !
And art thou not on earth sent down
The fruit of his prevailing prayer,

The

The witness of his grace, and seal,
The heavenly gift unspeakable!

- 4 O might we each receive the grace,
By thee, to call the Saviour mine!
Come, Holy Ghost, to all our race,
Bring in the righteousness divine,
Inspire the sense of sin forgiven,
And give our earth a taste of heaven.

HYMN XXI. [6: 8's.

- 1 **A** GAIN, thou Spirit of burning, come,
Thy last great office to fulfil,
To shew the hellish tyrant's doom
The hellish tyrant's doom to seal,
To drive him from thy sacred shrine,
And fill our souls with life divine.
- 2 Of judgment now the world convince,
The end of Jesu's coming show,
To sentence their usurping prince,
Him and his works destroy below,
To finish, and abolish sin,
And bring the heavenly nature in.
- 3 Who galls the nations with his yoke,
And bruises with an iron rod,
And smites with a continual stroke,
The world's fierce ruler and its god;
Wilt thou not, Lord, from earth expel,
And chase the fiend to his own hell?
- 4 Yes, thou shalt soon pronounce his doom,
Who rules in wrath the realms below,
That wicked one reveal, consume,
Avenge the nations of their foe,
In bright vindictive lightning shine,
And slay him with the breath divine.

HYMN XXII. [6: 8's.

- 1 **T**HEN the whole earth again shall rest,
 And see its paradise restor'd,
 Then every soul in Jesus blest,
 Shall bear the Image of its Lord,
 In finish'd holiness renew'd,
 Immeasurably fill'd with God.
- 2 Spirit of sanctifying grace,
 Hasten that happy gospel-day,
 Come, and restore the fallen race,
 Purge all our filth and blood away,
 Our inmost soul redeem, repair,
 And fix thy seat of judgment there.
- 3 Judgment to execute is thine,
 To kill and save is thine alone;
 Exert that energy divine,
 Set up thy everlasting throne,
 The inward kingdom from above,
 The glorious power of perfect love.
- 4 O would'st thou bring the final scene,
 Accomplish the redeeming plan,
 Thy great millennial reign begin,
 That every ransom'd child of man,
 That every soul may bow the knee,
 And rise to reign with God in thee.

HYMN XXIII. [6: 6's. & 2: 8's.

JOHN xvi. 13, 14, 15.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of Truth descend,
 And with thy church abide,
 Our guardian to the end,
 Our sure unerring guide:
 Us into the whole counsel lead
 Of God reveal'd below,

And

And teach us all the truth we need,
Eternal Life to know.

2 Whate'er thou hear'st above,
 To us with power impart;
 And shed abroad the love
 Of Jesus in our heart:
One with the Father and the Son,
Thy record is the same,
O make to us the Godhead known,
Thro' faith in Jesu's Name.

3 To all our souls apply
 The doctrine of our Lord,
 Our conscience certify,
 And witness with the word:
Thy realizing light display,
And shew us things to come,
The after-state, the final day,
And man's eternal doom.

4 The Judge of quick and dead,
 The God of Truth and Love,
 Who doth for sinners plead,
 Our Advocate above;
Exalted by his Father the re,
Thou dost exalt below,
And all his grace on earth declare,
And all his glory show.

5 Sent in his Name thou art,
 His work to carry on,
 His Godhead to assert,
 And make his mercy known:
Thou searchest the deep things of God,
Thou know'st the Saviour's mind,
And tak'st of his atoning blood
 To sprinkle all mankind.

6 Now then, of his receive,
 And shew to us the grace;
 And all his fulness give
 To all the ransom'd race:
 Whate'er he did for sinners buy,
 With his expiring groan,
 By faith in us reveal, apply,
 And make it all our own.

7 Descending from above,
 Into our souls convey
 His comfort, joy, and love,
 Which none can take away;
 His merit and his righteousness
 Which make an end of sin;
 Apply to every heart his peace,
 And bring his kingdom in.

8 The plenitude of God
 That doth in Jesus dwell,
 On us thro' him bestow'd
 To us secure and seal:
 Now let us taste our Master's bliss,
 The glorious heavenly powers,
 For all the Father hath is his,
 And all he hath is ours.

HYMN XXIV. All 7's.

John xvi. 20, 21, 22.

1 JESU, dear departed Lord,
 True and gracious is thy word,
 We in part have found it true;
 All thy faithful mercies shew.
 Thou art to thy Father gone,
 Thou hast left us here alone,
 Left us a long fast to keep,
 Left us for thy loss to weep.

- 2 Laugh the world, secure and glad,
 They rejoice, but we are sad;
 We alas! lament and grieve,
 Comfortless till thou relieve.
 As a woman in her throes
 Sinks o'erwhelm'd with fears and woes,
 Sinks our souls thro' grief and pain,
 Struggling to be born again.
- 3 As she soon forgets to mourn,
 Glad that a man-child is born,
 Let us, lighten'd of our load,
 Find relief in thee our God.
 Jesus visit us again,
 Look us out of sin and pain,
 Kindly comfort us that mourn,
 Into joy our sorrow turn.
- 4 Thy own joy to us impart,
 Root it deeply in our heart,
 Joy which none can take away,
 Joy which shall for ever stay.
 All the kingdom from above,
 All the happiness of love;
 Be it to thy servants given,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven.

HYMN XXV. All 7's.

For the Fruits of the Spirit.

- 1 JESUS, God of Peace and Love,
 Send thy blessing from above,
 Take, and seal us for thine own,
 Touch our hearts, and make them one,
 By the sense of sin forgiven
 Purge out all the former leaven,
 Malice, guile, and proud offence,
 Take the stone of stumbling hence.

28 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

- 2 Root up every bitter root,
Multiply the Spirit's fruit,
Love, and joy, and quiet peace,
Meek, long-suffering gentleness;
Strict and general temperance,
Boundless, pure, benevolence,
Cordial, firm fidelity;
All the Mind which was in thee.

HYMN XXVI. [*Thou Shepherd of Israel, &c.*]

- 1 COME holy celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of sin to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest:
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with thy blood.
- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely with-held from my sin,
And tried by the lure of thy love
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Thine uttermost mercy exert,
And kindly continue to strive,
And keep, till I yield thee my heart.
- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

- 4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise
To fall, and to suffer no more.
- 5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood
For me to receive from above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine.

HYMN XXVII. [S. M.]

- 1 SPIRIT of faith come down,
S Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord!—my God!"
- 3 I know my Saviour lives,
He lives, who died for me;
My inmost soul his voice receives,
Who hangs on yonder tree!

30 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

Set forth before my eyes,
Even now I see him bleed,
And hear his mortal groans and cries!
While suffering in my stead!

4 O that the world might know
My dear atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his Name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart,
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

5 Inspire the living faith,
(Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes,)
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

HYMN XXVIII. [6: 8's.

1 **A**UTHOR of every work divine,
Who dost thro' both creations shine,
The God of nature and of grace;
Thy glorious steps in all we see,
And wisdom attribute to thee,
And power, and majesty, and praise.

2 Thou didst thy mighty wings outspread,
And brooding o'er the Chaos, shed
Thy life into the impregn'd Abyss,
The vital principle infuse,
And out of nothing's womb produce
The earth, and heaven, and all that is.

3 That

- 3 That all-informing Breath thou art,
 Who dost continued life impart,
 And bidst the world persist to be :
 Garnish'd by thee yon azure sky,
 And all those beauteous orbs on high,
 Depend in golden chains from thee.
- 4 Thou dost create the earth anew,
 (Its Maker and Preserver too :)
 By thine almighty arm sustain :
 Nature perceives thy secret force,
 And still holds on her even course,
 And owns thy providential reign.
- 5 Thou art the Universal Soul,
 The plastic Power that fills the whole,
 And governs earth, air, sea, and sky ;
 The creatures all, thy breath receive,
 And who by thy inspiring—live,
 Without thy inspiration—die.
- 6 Spirit immense, Eternal Mind,
 Thou on the Souls of lost mankind
 Dost with benigneſt influence move ;
 Pleas'd to reſtore the ruin'd race,
 And new create a world of grace,
 In all the image of thy love.

HYMN XXIX. 6: 8's.

- 1 SPIRIT of grace, we bleſs thy name,
 Thy works and offices proclaim,
 Thy fruits, and properties, and powers ;
 Thou doſt with kind intending care
 The godleſs heart of man prepare,
 That God may yet again be ours.
- 2 Thou didſt thy fallen creature ſee
 Fallen from happineſs and thee,
 And ſwiftly to our reſcue come :

Well-

32 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

- Well-pleas'd among the sons of men,
To fix thy residence again,
And make them thy eternal home.
- 3 Thou dost the first good thought inspire,
The first faint spark of pure desire,
Is kindled by thy gracious breath,
By thee made conscious of his fall,
The sinner hears thy sudden call,
And starts out of the sleep of death.
- 4 Convinc'd of sin and unbelief,
He sinks o'erwhelm'd with sacred grief,
And pines disconsolate for God,
Till thou the healing balm apply,
The sinner freely justify,
In Jesu's name and Jesu's blood.

HYMN XXX. 6: 8's

- 1 SPIRIT of Power, 'tis thine alone
To finish what thyself begun,
And crown thy work with full success;
To them that groan beneath their sin,
Thou bring'st the sweet refreshment in,
The everlasting righteousness.
- 2 Thou dost by thine almighty grace
Again the abject sinner raise,
Again our fleshly souls refine;
Spirit of Spirit born, we love,
And only seek the things above,
And live on earth the life divine.
- 3 Thou dost the vital seed infuse,
Thou dost the creature new produce
In all its glorious parts complete;
The subjects of thy kingdom here
Thou makest, e'er the Judge appear,
For all thy heavenly kingdom meet.
- 4 Thou

- 4 Thou that revealing Spirit art
Who dost the hearing ear impart,
The clear illuminated sight :
Spirit of wisdom from on high,
Of knowledge that shall never die,
Of holy, true, eternal light.
- 5 Thou art the End of doubtful care,
The Antidote of sad despair,
We feel in that sweet power of thine :
Thro' thee who list'st the fallen up,
We rise, rejoice, abound in hope,
And blest thine energy divine.
- 6 Author of never-failing peace,
Whene'er we languish in distress,
O'erwhelm'd with sin and misery,
Thy presence brings us sure relief,
To gladness turns our every grief ;
And joy in God is joy in thee.
- 7 Spirit of meek and godly fear,
The children taught of thee revere
And do their heavenly Father's will ;
Pierc'd with an humble filial awe,
They love to keep his blessed law,
And all his kind commands fulfil.
- 8 Spirit of pure and holy love,
We feel thee streaming from above,
In calm unutterable peace :
The love by thee diffus'd abroad,
Unites our happy hearts to God,
And seals our everlasting bliss.

HYMN XXXI. [6: 8's.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness and root,
Thy gracious God-delighting fruit
Is joy, fidelity, and peace,

Meekness

34 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

- Meekness which no affront can move,
Truth, temperance, long-suffering, love,
And universal righteousness.
- 2 Restorer of the sin-sick mind,
Our souls a perfect soundness find
Thro' all their powers in thee renew'd :
Spirit of life and might divine,
By thee we in thy image shine,
In all the strength and life of God.
- 3 Thou dost the living power exert
To' invigorate and confirm the heart
Of those who feel thy work begun ;
To exercise our every grace,
Quicken us in the glorious race,
Till all the glorious race is run.
- 4 Thro' thee the flesh we mortify,
A daily death rejoice to die,
To live from sin for ever free :
A holy, sinless life to lead,
And only in thy track to tread,
To walk in love, in God, in thee.
- 5 Thro' thee we render God his due,
The worship spiritual and true,
With loving hearts rejoice to pay :
Him, while we find thy present power,
In truth and spirit we adore,
And pray—whene'er in thee we pray.
- 6 Thou pleadest in the living stones,
With speechless eloquence of groans,
Which pierce our pitying Father's ear ;
The answer of thy prayer we feel,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
And triumph in the Comforter.
- 7 True witness of our sonship,—thee,—
We feel, from fear and sorrow free,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry :

Seal of our endless blifs thou art,
Foretaste and earnest in our heart
Of pleasures that shall never die.

- 8 First-fruits of yonder land above,
Celestial joy, seraphic love,
To us, to us in thee are given ;
And all that to the Spirit flow,
Shall of the Spirit reap, and know
The ripest happiness of heaven.

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears,
Our troubles and tears ;
The Spirit is come,
The Witness of Jesus return'd to his home ;
The pledge of our Lord
To his heaven restor'd,
Is sent from the sky,
And tells us our Head is exalted on high.
- 2 Our Advocate there
By his blood and his prayer,
The gift hath obtain'd,
For us he hath pray'd, and the Comforter gain'd ;
Our glorified Head
His Spirit hath shed
With his people to stay,
And never again will he take him away.
- 3 Our heavenly Guide
With us shall abide ;
His comforts impart,
And set up his kingdom of love in the heart.
The heart that believes
His kingdom receives,
His power and his peace,
His life, and his joy's everlasting increase.

36 HYMNS FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

4 The presence divine
Doth inwardly shine,
The Shechinah rests
On all our assemblies, and glows in our breasts.
By day and by night,
The pillar of light
Our steps shall attend,
And convoy us safe to our prosperous end.

5 Then let us rejoice
In heart and in voice,
Our Leader pursue,
And shout as we travel the wilderness thro';
With the Spirit remove
To Sion above,
Triumphant arise,
And walk with our God, till we fly to the skies.

FINIS.